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The Loss of the Steamer Pulaski

By MRS. HUGH McLEOD (*Miss Rebecca Lamar*)

An account of the disaster so graphically described in the following paper, by a gentleman whose name was not given, was published in 1854, in the Rev. George White's "Historical Collections of Georgia." The sketch here given was written by one of the survivors of the wreck, Miss Rebecca Lamar, not for publication, and in the preparation of it she consulted two of her fellow passengers, Mr. James Hamilton Couper, of Georgia, and Major J. B. Heath, of Baltimore. Miss Lamar afterwards married Hugh McLeod, who graduated at the U. S. Military Academy in 1835, entered the U. S. Army as 2nd Lieutenant, resigned to join the Texan forces in their struggle with Mexico, commanded a company in the battle with the Cherokees in 1839; later became a lawyer; entered the Confederate Army in 1861, attained the rank of Colonel, and died in Dumfries, Va., January 2, 1862.—*Editor.*

The steam packet "PULASKI", Captain Dubois, sailed from Savannah on Wednesday, June 13, 1838. She arrived at Charleston the afternoon of the same day, and left Charleston the next morning. In the afternoon the wind was fresh from the east, and produced a heavy sea which retarded her progress and required a full pressure of steam. At 10:30 P. M. the wind continued fresh with a clear star-light, and there was every promise of a fine night. At 11 o'clock the starboard boiler exploded with a tremendous violence, blowing off the promenade deck above and shivering the starboard side about midship; at the same time the bulkhead between the boilers and forward cabin was stove in, the stairway to it blocked up, and the bar-room swept away. The head of the boiler was blown out, and the top went fore and aft. In consequence of the larboard boiler and works being comparatively uninjured, the boiler keeled to that side and the starboard side was kept out of water except when she rolled, when the sea washed in at the break. The boat continued to settle rapidly, and in about forty minutes the water had reached the promenade deck above the ladies' cabin. Previously to this period the ladies, children and the gentlemen who were on the after part of the boat were placed on the promenade deck. About the time the water reached that point the boat parted in two with a tremendous crash, and the bow and stern rose somewhat out

of the water, but the latter again continued to sink until the water reached the promenade deck, when it separated into two parts, upset and precipitated all on it into the water. Many then regained the detached portions. The cause of the disaster was obviously the neglect of the second engineer in permitting the water to boil off in the starboard boiler and then letting in a full supply of water on the heated copper.

Passengers, so far as their names are known, inhabitants and residents of Savannah:

Dr. John Cumming, lady and servant; Samuel B. Parkman, Esq.; Misses Authexa, Caroline and Theresa Parkman; Master Whitney Parkman; Dr. P. H. Wilkins, lady and son, Francis; Mr. Robert Hutchinson, lady, two children and servant; Mr. G. B. Lamar, lady and servant; Misses Martha, Rebecca and Caroline Lamar; Masters, Charles, William, Thomas and George Lamar; Mrs. William Mackay, two children and servant; Mrs. John Wagner; Colonel William Robertson; Captain R. W. Pooler and son, Robert; Messrs. George Huntington, B. W. Fosdick, Sirman Miller, A. Hamilton, L. Bird, Samuel Livermore, A. Stansfield, R. Brown, W. W. Foster, C. Ward.

Colored women—Jenny, Priscilla and Sallie Middleton.

Inhabitants of other places who embarked at Savannah:

Mrs. Nightingale, child and servant; Mrs. Fraser and child; Colonel W. A. Dunham and lady; Rev. I. L. Woart and lady; Dr. J. E. Stewart, lady and servant; Rev. E. Crafts; Mrs. J. E. Taylor, Misses Rebecca and Eliza Lamar; J. H. Couper, Esq.; Major J. P. Heath, Dr. Thomas F. Ash, Messrs. H. Eldridge, H. N. Carter, A. Lovejoy, A. Burns, Wm. A. Stewart, Farquhar McRae, C. Hodson.

Embarked at Charleston:

Mr. Ed. J. Pringle, lady, child and servant; T. P. Rutledge and lady; H. S. Ball and lady, child and servant; B. F. Smith and lady; Rev. S. S. Murray, lady and four children; Mr. G. S. Davis and lady; Mr. J. Lengworth and lady; Mr. Eddings, lady and child; Mr. N. Smith, lady and child; Mr. Hubbard, Misses Evans, Mr. Merritt, lady and child; Miss

R. W. Freeman, Judge Wm. B. Rochester, C. B. Tappan, Judge S. A. Cameron, Master T. Whaley, Captain Daniel Britt and lady, J. D. Twiggs, Mr. Coy, lady and child; T. Dowae, Major G. L. Twiggs, Lieutenant Thornton, U. S. A.; Misses E. Drayton, Rutledge, Heald, Trassier, Michel, Clark, Greenwood; Messrs. R. Seabrook, S. Keith, R. D. Walker, E. W. James, Joseph Anse, Bennett, C. W. Clifton, B. L. Greenwood, E. W. Innis, W. C. N. Swift.

THE WRECK OF THE "PULASKI".

The "PULASKI" was born of a wreck. In the autumn of 1837 the "HOME", a packet steamer plying between Charleston and New York, returning South, was lost on the coast of North Carolina. She had many passengers, the majority of whom were lost—among them some prominent persons. This calamity was deeply felt, particularly at the South. The insecurity of the traveling public was never so apparent, and those whose habit it was to go North with their families in summer deemed it incumbent upon them to insure against a similar recurrence, if possible. The subject was discussed among prominent merchants of Savannah, which resulted in a joint stock company for the building of a boat of greater strength and speed, to ply between Savannah and Baltimore touching at Charleston, remaining over night, and leaving at 6 A. M., and would the following morning reach Baltimore to breakfast, "being only one night at sea". The boat was built and named "PULASKI". Her officers and men were duplicated. Those who served in the day rested at night. The steamer had made three successful voyages, meeting the expectations of the company and her passengers, who, on their arrival in Baltimore, tendered complimentary cards to Captain Dubois, her commander.

Captain Pearson was the sailing master. My brother was a stock-holder, and, knowing that I intended going North, invited me to go with him and his family on the fourth voyage of the "PULASKI". Having a natural dread of the sea, and the "HOME" so fresh in my memory, I declined the invitation.

In reply, he said, "Were you to see the boat, you would not refuse." Just after, I received a letter from a friend, inviting me to visit her—"Come, but not by sea." This confirmed my resolution. A special duty called me to Savannah some time before the family would leave. My brother's house had been my home for several years before his removal to Savannah, and the strong attachment mutually subsisting had known no diminution. The pleasure of being again with the family! I was next to the parents in the affection of the children, and whom I loved not much less. My fears had not abated, but the reputation of the steamer and my wish to be with the family decided me, and my passage was engaged, without persuasion, and without my having seen the boat.

The day—13th June, 1838—when the "PULASKI" would leave on her fourth voyage, arrived. A pleasant breeze was blowing that tempered the heat and made it feel like Spring. The passengers were from the elite of the city. Sojourners returning to their distant homes, and others from farther South and West, assembled on the deck, presenting a picture of unusual brightness; so many happy faces animated by hope and expectation. She inspired confidence. She appeared so strong, and looked so comfortable.

The partings over, the steamer sped on her way. We reached Charleston at the usual hour for her arrival, long before the sun went down. The passengers generally went ashore. Our party remained aboard, and sought the shady side of the boat, as the heat began to be felt for the first time during the day. Seated on a settee we saw two ladies, one supporting the other who seemed fainting, while a gentleman stood fanning her. Just then my brother appeared, followed by a gentleman carrying some iced syrups. Perceiving the condition of the lady, refreshments were offered the party who accepted the timely offer with many thanks. The gentleman also had the appearance of an invalid, and the look of a clergyman.

The "PULASKI" was a low pressure boat. She was built differently from the sea steamers now. She was broad, and

sat low in the water. No ladies' cabin was built on the stern of the boat. Outside the cabin were projections called "guards", and were a part of the continuations of the main deck. Opposite the door of the ladies' cabin, with twenty feet of space between, was the captain's office, or state-room, on each side of which, with a passage between, five feet in width, were the closets for china, glass and butler's pantry. Behind these closets, opening on the passages, were two state-rooms opening on the east side of the boat. In the rear of these rooms were the wheels, the passages continuing to the bow. My brother's wife, three children and nurse occupied one of the state-rooms. His oldest daughter, not sixteen, Eliza, her cousin, not seven, and the daughter of my oldest brother and my especial charge, occupied the other with me. Opposite my state-room door there was a stairway leading to the lower deck. There was another cabin at the bow. As the passage opened on the bow, on either side were stairways leading to the upper deck which roofed all the boat I have described, except the bow.

After tea Miss Parkman and I went upon the upper deck, and she pointed to two little boats covered with canvas, or tarpaulin, with oars alongside each, and said: "In the event of an accident I would prefer clinging to the steamer rather than get into one of them. The sea may have opened the seams and caused them to leak." My fears had vanished as my feet pressed the deck of the "PULASKI"; and now the conversation did not trouble me in the least; but I agreed with her in what she said. Yes, I too, would remain on the steamer in preference. There were so many of us that the captain, after leaving Charleston, offered his state-room to my brother, remarking that he never slept at sea. We did not know of the offer, nor did I know where the boys slept. My apprehensions left so entirely I never thought of inquiring, nor do I believe their mother knew. The state-rooms were large, containing every convenience. Three large berths each, the bottom one on casters so as to make more space between the other two, consequently the lower one had to be drawn out after shutting

the door, as it occupied nearly the width of the floor. There was a large window seaward and opening over the door opposite, the sash arranged to hook up to a joint. The breeze was so cool that I had to put a calico double gown over my night gown and usual under garments. To avoid sea-sickness I had undressed and kept my berth, not having ventured out but a short time after leaving Savannah. After leaving Charleston I had not risen, and for the first time escaped sea-sickness, owing partly to my abstinence, but more to the constant draught of fresh air through the state-room.

My sister sent me word at tea time that she and the nurse were too sick to give the baby his supper. I dressed and took the child to the table. The meal was over; two men only lingered, and a lady with a child in her arms, occupied as I was in feeding the child. The table was spread on the guard between the ladies' cabin and the captain's office. There were no saloons in those days. I have no recollection of tasting food after leaving the breakfast table in Savannah. I think it highly probable I took tea in Charleston, as I only avoided food to prevent sea-sickness. The baby fed and restored to his mother, I went back to my berth. Eliza came in soon, and then Martha. I heard Eliza say her prayers, and as she lifted her eyes I remember how beautiful she looked as she knelt before me. We went to sleep, free from anxiety, to wake in Baltimore!

Everything had been propitious. We slept soundly until awakened by the most appalling sound that is only equaled when the thunderbolt strikes near. I have only heard it repeated in storms; but the sound was followed by the trembling and careening of the steamer. The engine was stopped; the wheels did not move. I leaped from the upper berth unconsciously, almost simultaneously with the sound, and found the two nieces beside me, exclaiming in terror: "What can be the matter?" The boat was quivering and careening over to one side. Martha and I pushed with our might against the berth, but it would not go under, or be moved, nor could we open the door until it was under. Martha's strength was exhausted

I then proposed to get through the transom, she to lift Eliza, and I would then assist her. The proposition was made while I was executing the plan. My head and shoulders were through the opening when the steamer gave a tremendous lurch. The berth flew under in a flash, and the door opened with tremendous violence. The china and glass fell in the closets with a crash, and every light went out. We found my sister with the nurse and three children at her state-room door, quietly waiting the coming of her husband. I heard groans proceeding from the now darkened passage. I stepped a few paces, and found a negro man on his hands and knees, in agony. I said: "Daddy, what is the matter?" "Oh, missis, my feet done burnt off!" My heart was full of sympathy, but I saw the boys coming from the lower saloon with their clothes in their arms. Charles followed immediately, dressed save his cap. We held the different articles, handing them as they were needed. Charles held William's jacket, and, as he handed it, the little boy said: "Thank you, brother." It was characteristic of the child, the most obliging and most grateful of children. Charles collected the clothing of his brothers, put them in their arms, and made them precede him up the stairs. He was fourteen years old.

A man came along, begging us to come on the upper deck and help balance the boat. We asked what was the matter. He said there had been a collision; that the boat was leaking, and he wanted help to bail her. This was the only man I had seen save the poor negro who was wounded. It was strange that, hearing the explosion and seeing him and the condition of the steamer, the truth had not forced itself on our minds. Now my brother had come, and several voices cried out: "What is the matter?" He had not heard the explosion, but was awakened by the cries of the women and children. "I don't know, but will return and see." He came, pale and trembling, and said: "The boiler has burst, the boat is sinking, and we shall be lost in five minutes!" These hopeless words were received in silence which I was the first to break. "Could we not get on the upper deck? Stay there until I run and see."

Just then the same man came again, begging us to come up and help to balance the boat. My sister said: "Let us go; he will think us obstinate in staying here; but be careful we are not separated from the children." We moved in a compact body, each carrying or leading a child, all clinging together. We touched the outer circle of the crowd, but our faces were on our little ones; and, though touching, did not see a face in the crowd. Almost immediately my brother came, and said: "Follow me!" We retraced our steps to the lower side of the deck where the little boat had hung—now gone. A voice now said: "Mr. Lamar, save my children, and Mr. Mackay will bless you!" He replied: "I will do all I can for you, but I have no hope for any of us!" He directed his daughter to get up on the upper deck by climbing the davit. She was up, and he handed her a child. She caught hold, but cried out: "Father, don't let go; I have no strength!" I immediately took her place, and all were soon on the upper deck, where we found a man, only an acquaintance of my brother's, Mr. Huntingdon, of New York. They stripped one of the boats of its canvas, but before they could turn her over, Mr. Smith, of Augusta, with his wife and her babe, gained the deck from the upper side of the steamer. He now aided in turning the boat, looking for pieces of plank as substitutes for oars, placing the boat on the edge of the steamer, so that when she sank to the bed of the ocean he and Mr. Lamar could push her off and jump in to row her. A tin basin had been found, or a biggin (I forget which), to bail her, Mr. Mackay saying, "I will bail her, Mr. Lamar," all were seated in the boat. My brother asked Mr. Huntingdon if he would not go with us; he said: "No, I prefer to stay on the steamer." I had said the same words the night before.

While the preparations were being made a cry attracted me to the other side of the deck, where I found a colored woman clinging to the side of the boat. Extending my hands, she was enabled to reach the deck. Running back to Eliza, seated in the boat, I lost sight of the woman. The child no longer screamed. She was the only one of our family who

cried or screamed. The little baby would look from face to face in astonishment only. Martha exclaimed: "Oh, Aunt Rebecca, what shall I do?" "Look to Jesus who alone can help us." Seeing the boat so crowded, and no room for the two men to use their oars, as I thought, and doubtful of their being able to jump in on time, reminded me of my words the night before when I was not excited by fear. I deliberately took Eliza from the boat, saying: "I, too, prefer to remain on the steamer." My brother said: "I implore you, Rebecca, to get in the boat. I do not promise that you will be saved, but it is our only hope!" I got in with Eliza, with my arms around her. I sat facing seaward. Instantly, I felt a blow on my chest, and that I was drowning. The steamer had suddenly parted; the machinery went to the bottom, and the two ends stuck up out of the water. Our boat, I suppose, was upset, but I was knocked by a wave backward out of the boat which I saw no more. The water was so buoyant that I rose upon the waves, and I could catch a gleam of the struggling, drowning people around me. Once I caught hold of something while beneath a wave, but as I rose to the surface I saw that I had caught hold of a man's vest, just between the shoulders. As I saw the white sleeves and the black back, I let go, for fear of drowning myself and him. I found afterwards my brother's vest corresponded to the glimpse I had of him while struggling in the water. It was the only conscious thought I had while drowning or struggling in the waves. A piece of scantling, nine or ten feet long, but not heavy, floated to my arms. I folded them over it as it lay across my chest, and floated on my back, seeing only the sky.

At last I floated against something which resisted the touch, and I looked and saw the stern from which I had been precipitated. I caught an iron stanchion, and drew myself upon the wreck, still clinging to the stanchion, and bracing my feet against one higher up, with head downward and the sea lapping its waves partly over me. I was so exhausted I could not think. My brother came swimming in a few moments. He extended his hand, calling out in alarm: "You will

be washed off! Come up higher!" I was lifted to my feet, and immediately a wave brought Martha up. We recognized her instantly, she holding up her hand and crying out: "Give me your hand, Aunt Rebecca!" Charles, fortunately, could swim, and he came next. His father stood almost, or quite, in the water, watching for others. We continued to stand near the water, when my brother called to us to go up higher. We crept up the inclined plane to the steamer's wheel, and each took hold of a brass spoke. The deck was fast assuming the perpendicular, and my brother called out, "Go higher! The wheel will break off with you; go still higher!" We then crept up to the end of the stern, and as we took hold of the railing and looked down perceived the windows in the end of the ladies' cabin were nearly horizontal. On the paneling between the windows sat a colored nurse with a lovely child, two or three years old.

Quick as thought we were precipitated into the ocean. The deck had now broken away. My brother told me at that moment he had his second son, Willie, by the hand, again struggling with the waves. I cannot call it drowning, for I never swallowed a drop of sea water. I was alternately under and on the waves. Soon a feather pillow was floated to my arms. It was a life preserver. I floated on my back again until I felt something firm under my feet. I stood again on the upper deck from which I had been twice precipitated, and which was now floating on the surface of the sea. Its dimensions were easily defined, as it was covered with canvas painted white.

I gained the wreck near me, and I saw a solitary man near one end; his back was turned towards me, in one hand a carpet-bag and the other hand in his pocket from whence he drew a key, fitted it to the lock, and opened it while I still approached. My brother, swimming, came on board between me and the unknown person. He cried out: "Oh, my sister, do we meet again once more?" and, opening his arms, embraced me. His voice attracted the attention of the gentleman, who turning, recognized my brother, and they shook

hands, and I was introduced to Mr. Hutchinson, of Savannah. There were about six inches of water on the wreck generally. At the ends where the plank was broken and the canvas loose, the planks being depressed increased the water to a foot at least. There was a counterward (*sic*) for stowing cables from the weather, four feet high and three sided, with a top. It looked like a small counter, with several coils of rope, some large cables.

The cover of the Pulaski's hold had floated on. It was ten feet square, substantially built, nearly two feet high, but sloping towards the sides a foot and a half. It was a boon to us. A pile of lumber massed together, of all kinds, so jammed that no use could be made of it.

It was a starlight night, becoming more brilliant as the night advanced. A man came on board, with a little child in his arms, crying, "Whose child is this?" Brother and I rushed to him; we had lost so many; but it was not ours. The child recognized her father, and called, "Papa, papa!" He replying, "Connie, Connie, my child!" She was three years old, at least, and beautiful. She had only a night slip on, and it wet. The breeze was fresh and chilly. Fortunately a brown camlet cloak had floated on with the carpet-bag. She seemed to feel the situation, and, adapting herself to her strange circumstances, did not ask for her mother, her nurse, or any of her family; and seeing her father's emotion, she tried to divert his attention by pointing to the stars: "Papa, papa, see the beautiful stars!" Her attempt seemed to increase his emotion, and he brought the child to me and said: "Will you keep the child for me?" putting her in my lap, and I readily consented. He covered us both with the camlet cloak. I was sitting on the cover to the hold, with Connie in my lap; she did not object to my taking her, but she ceased to prattle.

Next came a man, calling, "Whose child?" It was Thomas, my brother's son. I at once gave Connie to her father, and took Thomas in my arms. He was greatly moved at seeing us, and cried himself to sleep in my lap where he slept all night. He was a child of great independence of character, full of

gaiety and intelligence for his years, now so depressed that he never spoke except in reply, and I dared not question him of his experience. He only cried the first night, and then not audibly. Connie was transferred to Mrs. Smith, who sat beside me. In fact it was a seat for as many as could find room; the only other was the cover for the poop, and which the gentlemen used exclusively, as it was too high for ladies, and not so comfortable, though the spray never reached so high.

The box for cordage afforded seats for three men comfortably. It was high enough to enable them to sit comfortably with their feet out of the water, and they were seldom wet with the spray. In the day time while some were walking or sitting elsewhere, one would take advantage of the moment to catch a nap. These men would alternate in sitting up out of the water, and I saw no exhibition of selfishness towards any, but on the contrary, exhibitions of little kindnesses. Mr. Hutchinson drew forth several garments from his bag for those who needed them.

I must record a most touching instance of sympathy towards myself. Dr. Stewart, from Maryland, a consumptive, and very feeble, asked for a knife one morning early, when the breeze was chilly and the sun not up, and cut off the tops of his long woollen stockings and gave them to me to put on as I was bare-footed. I was extremely sorry for the sacrifice, but have never forgotten it.

The night wore on, all quiet on the wreck. Suddenly a manly voice sung out beyond us: "Help! Help!" "We have no means to help" was the despairing cry. "Who are you?" some one called out. "Colonel Ball, wife and daughter, of Columbus, Georgia." They were never heard of afterwards. That helpless cry increased our sadness, and each, burdened with his own thoughts, was silent again—the only sound the dash of the waters, and that far off murmuring sound so peculiar to the ocean and always disposing towards melancholy under ordinary circumstances, but now so extraordinary, taking away almost hope itself. Just then a voice cried out:

"See the light! What can it be? It may be a ship approaching! It brightens! It is coming nearer! Let us unitedly call; we might be heard, if not seen!" The signal given, we shouted, as the moon rose off the sea, as it were.

The morning of the 15th (14th?) was beautiful, and we could see in the early light ships afar off, sailing from us. The men now commenced to brace the wreck by stretching ropes from one end to the other, using large cables for the purpose. Little sails were arranged to increase the speed of the drifting. There came a boat so near that she was secured—a valuable acquisition, though there was a hole in her side as large as the crown of a man's hat; it was, however, high up. She did not leak, and was tied to the end of the wreck. (Then follows this paragraph, the connection of which cannot be determined:—"His clothes were torn, and the flesh visible through the rents showed how he was bruised, and could only creep about the wreck now and then.")

The sea was covered with the debris of the Pulaski. During the night a large pile of lumber, massed together in such a way as not to afford even a seat, had gathered in the middle of the wreck. Before we reached it a champagne basket came near enough to be hooked with a stick from the pile. It contained two bottles of wine, one a quart, the other a pint bottle; two phials, one of peppermint, the other contained laudanum. The basket was placed in my charge. Now another object was seen—a boat with two men in her. Very soon one jumped into the sea and commenced swimming for his life. The man in the boat soon reached us. The boat leaked, and the man jumped out for fear of swamping her. The men now shouted and cheered the man, promising to throw him a rope, which they did. No one recognized him until he was almost to the wreck, when I called out: "Mrs. Smith, here is your husband!" He stepped aboard, tottered to her feet, threw his head in her lap, and wept. Mr. Smith was tall, large in proportion, young and athletic in appearance. He certainly

maintained the character of a swimmer. The boat had been upon the wreck. The men, with their pen-knives and bits of rope, caulked her at once, and fastened her to the wreck.

Then two trunks came floating by, and were caught by Dr. Stewart's servant, Caroline. One was filled with papers; the other contained two silk dresses and two shirred bonnets. The trunks were open as they came; they were placed on the pile of lumber to dry. Soon another object appeared. It proved to be two settees lashed together, a man in one, a woman in the other. The little boat was manned and went to the rescue. They caught the arms of the settees and drew them to the wreck. The man was laid on the cover of the hold. He was in an exhausted condition. The blood had settled under his nails, which were very blue, and his fair skin was mottled where the blood had settled. Neither he nor the lady could speak. The peppermint was applied to their lips, and as they were in their senses they put out their tongues to receive the stimulant. In a very short time the gentleman rose, to our amazement, and staggered to the trunk of papers, and, pointing to them, said to Caroline: "These are mine; dry them!" She replied: "A pretty place to dry papers!" His friends went to him just in time to prevent his falling, and laid him on the cover. The peppermint was again resorted to, but he never recovered sufficiently to speak, and died in half an hour. By some mischance he was nude, save a linen sheet around his loins. The lady, in an hour, was able to speak. My brother went to wet her lips and tongue, when she said:

"Mr. Lamar, I saw your little boy, this morning."

"Charles?"

"Yes, Charles. I called to him not to give up."

"When did you see him?"

"He was in a little box."

"How came you to know him?"

The lady was Mrs. Smith, of South Carolina. She could not have been over twenty, finely developed, fair complexion, now only sun-burnt, dressed in a silk dress, but without a cape. It was the fashion in that day to wear low-necked dresses,

hooked up the back, and a cape like the dress. The cape was now wanting, and her neck was blistered with the sun. She told my brother that she had gone to the same school with Charles in Savannah—Mr. White's*—and that he must keep a look out for Charles, as he would be along soon. Mr. Lamar was now watching for his son with great anxiety, and before long he saw a speck upon the ocean. It grew larger as it came nearer, but long before I could distinguish the object we felt assured that it was Charles. It drew nearer, and three persons were on the wreck—a man and boy, with their shoulders together, and a lady leaning on them, as she sat in front. The boat was now in readiness, and my brother called for Mr. Smith. He replied: "I am tired." The reply was: "Oh, Smith, it is my son!" Mr. Smith and some one else went into the boat. The lady was lifted into the boat and on the wreck, and laid alongside Mrs. Smith. She, too, was completely exhausted and unable to speak; but her eyes were so intelligent. The small bottle of wine had been opened, and with the remainder of peppermint she was enabled to speak in a few hours, and as my brother was ministering to the ladies on the settees, she said: "I recognize you as the gentleman who offered me refreshment in Charleston, and now you are so kind in your attentions." I could not leave Charles, who had gone to sleep in my lap, as we sat beside the corpse, and Thomas sitting by my side. I have always regretted that I was so short-sighted as not to think of loosening Mrs. Smith's dress and cutting the corset spring. She was naturally vigorous, and if her circulation had not been impeded I am confident she might have lived. As it was, she soon relapsed into a speechless and unconscious condition, and remained so several days. Charles came to my arms and wept, but could not speak for emotion. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he said: "Oh, aunt Rebecca, what do you think has become of mother and the children?" "I don't know; we must not talk of them now, but let us hope for the best, and try not to cry; you will waste your strength." Dear little Thomas hearing, but not

*Rev. George White.

speaking a word. Dear little fellow, he must have had a dreadful experience to have changed him so. Before, so quick to think, to speak, to act. If he had been in the boat with his mother, he would have spoken. But where could he have been all the time until he was picked up on the wreck by the man who brought him to us? I dared not ask him questions that would make him still more sad.

The gentleman that Charles was with I heard called Mr. Woart, and I recognized him as the same that we saw fanning the lady at Charleston. I now went to thank him for his kindness to Charles, and asked him if he was the Rev. Mr. Woart. He said: "I am the Rev. Mr. Woart, of Tallahassee, Florida." I said: "I thank God we have one good man among us." With almost sternness, he said: "I warn you not to put your trust in an arm of flesh. Look to God, who can save all who trust Him!" I replied: "Surely it cannot be wrong to wish for the company of the righteous; for if the righteous had been found Sodom would have been spared." He then said: "Are you a Christian?" "I hope so," was my reply. "But where did you hear of me?" "At Augusta, when you were the guest of Colonel Lindsay, U. S. A., when our volunteers were going to Florida. You prayed on the boat, before they left. I did not see you, but I heard the prayer." He came and sat down beside me, but seemed so feeble that I told him to lean upon my shoulder. He did so for a little time.

The cover of the box had broken down by so many getting upon it at one time.

Now there was one only seat, and that without a back. Those who could not sit on the cover to the hold had now to sit on the wreck in the water. Mr. Woart was so anxious that his wife should be able to reach her relatives.

Sails distant, and going from us, were seen. The children would be soon exhausted, and the invalids too. Dear Connie had not cried or become impatient, but her thirst increased and her demand increased in proportion. She would say, in a most plaintive tone: "Dear papa, when we get to New York won't you give me three cups of tea?" "Yes, my darling, as

many as you want I will give you." She now asked for food. Nobody felt hungry, and I am inclined to think that eating human flesh is not because the shipwrecked feel hunger, but as a precautionary measure to saving human life. The survivors now began to feel anxious to leave the raft and take to the boats. A proposal was made that the company should be divided, the larger number taking the small boat and the smaller number the large boat, to equalize the chances—the large boat having a round hole in the side, but high up. It was agreed to.

Friday, P. M.—The little boat was immediately filled. Those on the raft complained that the able-bodied men were in the small boat. Captain Hubbard got out immediately. My brother then began to offer premiums to anybody who would go in the large boat. Of course these offers were conditional should he reach land. There were two sailors, one a Dane, and spoke broken English, but was a true man. He pleaded with the people, advising them to remain on the raft, as being more secure than the boat—that there were too many in the boat, it was in danger of being swamped, when all would be lost; that were we to see land the boat would be turned over in the breakers, and only expert swimmers could reach the shore. Brother would not listen. I asked the Dane why he came if he thought the raft safer. "Because I cannot be left alone, and if I go, I cannot go in the best boat." I began to translate the man's broken English, and begged brother to listen, the man, too, assuring them of the peril. The boat had been pushed off, and we had been rowed about 100 yards, when the order was given to return. Nor was the question asked, why we had returned. My heart was lighter when my feet were again on the raft. It was Friday afternoon, the evening of the first day on the raft. This confirms the idea that the sailing from Savannah and Charleston was Thursday, the 14th, and not Wednesday, the 13th of June, 1838. I suggested to my brother the removal of the dead bodies, but it was objected to, and we passed the night in close proximity to the poor gentleman that I saw die. Brother urged me to lie down, and to please him I

tried, but rose up with Paul's words in my thought: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I sat down, with Thomas leaning on me on one side and Charles on the other, with my arms around both, and they slept.

I was not conscious of sleeping day or night, but one moment, when I dreamed and awoke. The night was darker than the last. The silence was profound, broken only by the surging sea and dash of the waves. The morning light appeared. It was always chilly before the sun was up, the sea breeze cool, and the clothes sometimes damp with spray, and the feet always in the water. My teeth chattered for a moment.

Sails were seen afar off early Saturday morning. Capt. Hubbard, a seaman, captain of a merchantman, a man that inspired confidence, now proposed that six men who could swim, and who could depend on themselves as swimmers, should take the best boat and go ashore, and send aid to those on the raft from thence. Mr. Hutchinson came to me and said, brother being present: "I am unwilling that the men should take the boat and leave us helpless, unless Mr. Lamar goes in the boat. I have urged him to go, and you must persuade him to do so, and he will consent. We have seen vessels, but we have not been seen. This may be repeated every day. The children cannot survive much longer without food. Relief must be sought, and the sooner the better. These men are strangers—they have no loved ones here. They might have no influence to send relief. We know Mr. Lamar can send us help, and he leaves his dearest interest on the wreck. He ought to go. Persuade him!" How could I persuade him to the peril I had heard described? I could only think of the hazard to him. He said: "You must decide for me." I felt the responsibility—but the starving children, and the invalids wasting away! "I consent on two conditions: One is that you will let me fix this pillow around your waist, as a life preserver, promising me not to take it off until you reach the land; second, that the dead be removed before you leave."

On Friday morning a drowned man was discovered on the wreck, lying on his face. It was some time before he was

turned, and he was recognized as Mr. S. B. Parkman, a prominent citizen of Savannah. Mr. Hutchinson took his spectacles and watch from his pocket, for an only child, since his three daughters and his son had perished in this terrible disaster. Consent was given, and Mr. Hutchinson gave the articles to my brother to take with him. Capt. Hubbard now proposed that the large bottle should be opened, and each person should take a swallow of wine. "No one will ----- enough to object." It was done. My brother was handed the bottle, but refused to drink, leaving it for the children. He brought the bottle to me, saying: "Keep this, for the children will need it." Oh, what a pity he had not suggested the sacrifice to all! I am sure Capt. Hubbard would have been one of the first to follow the suggestion.

The dead were laid on the extreme end of the wreck, out of sight, where the water was deepest, and left for the waves to float them off, and we knew not when they left us. The same pillow that had floated out on the wreck was now tied around my brother's waist, and he got into the boat, and called: "Thomas!" The little fellow seemed to guess something, and he moved with more spirit than he had shown; but a sailor who had an oar pushed off the boat. I did not then comprehend the movement, nor what the call meant. I learned afterwards he intended taking Thomas with him, and no doubt that intention made him willing to go. He had not made known the intention, and the sailor, perceiving and knowing the peril, frustrated the plan. Thomas, too, had perceived the intention, and returned disappointed. It was a sore trial to the father.

All the wine in the first bottle was now exhausted, and very little remained in the quart bottle. The peppermint was gone also. The laudanum had been used but once. A gentleman drank sea-water, which caused severe cramps in the stomach. He came to me almost frantic with pain, and asked for the laudanum; he was in such agony that he wished to kill himself. I was afraid to give it to him, so I gave it to Dr. Ash, and asked him to give him a dose, and to keep the bottle.

The gentleman was a Mr. Brown, only 25 years of age, large, over the ordinary size, and seemed the picture of health. He was polite and kind to me, but he never seemed well after that night. Though he did not complain, he looked as if he was ever after under the influence of laudanum. A person, whose name I did not know, with piercing black eyes, would beg for one only drop of wine, that I could not refuse, though I would say: "You know it is for the children." When poor Mr. Woart, parched with thirst, would hold his hand for one drop, I did not refuse, as he was really ill with fever, and his tongue so hard and dry. But the little now left I regarded as a sacred trust for the children. During the day he held his hand for one drop to moisten his tongue. I said: "You know it was given me for the children." "Yes, I know, and feel ashamed while I ask, but as some excuse for me just look at my tongue!" I never saw anything like it—brown, and looked hard, like horn. Charles said: "Aunt Rebecca, give him my share!" Mr. Woart was overcome with emotion. Laying his hand on Charles' head, he said: "You are a noble boy!" It was the last time he asked for any. He would carry it to his wife and Mrs. Smith who had become speechless again, although Mrs. Woart's expression showed that she still retained her senses to the last moment. Mrs. Smith was apparently in a sleep, or stupor. Poor young woman! If she had had her corset off, she might have lived, in my opinion; but it was stupid in me not to see it then. The departure had rather depressed than revived hopes in those that remained. The active spirits had gone. The wind had changed, and with it hope seemed renewed, as the opinion prevailed that we were drifting toward the shore. The idea gave me no little fear, as neither Thomas nor I could swim, and the men discussed the question of landing, and seemed to think that the raft would be broken in pieces in the surf or breakers. I preferred waiting to be picked up by some vessel. But it was decided that those who could swim might be floated ashore on pieces of wreck or clinging to a plank; so I told Thomas that if we saw land he must let me tie him to a plank, as he could swim. For

the first time his feeling of independence revived. "Oh, if I could just see the land, I will manage to get ashore!" I had to reason with him, and argue the case, before I could get his consent to be tied to a plank, if the occasion required it. The opinion was that the landing might be in the night. I found two planks and some rope, and secured them for use. "Thou, God, seest me" was ever present to my mind, and all my hope and comfort was in Him. The clouds were gathering, and distant thunder was heard. The wind suddenly veered, driving us out seaward, and great drops of rain began to fall, when my mouth opened instinctively to receive them. Till that moment I was unconscious of thirst. When I took the swallow of wine in the morning I did not realize thirst; but I did as others had done, without thought, and though I kept it and dropped for others, I never felt any inclination to taste it. The anxiety of mind triumphed over physical suffering and pain. It was only at night, when I had the boys leaning on me asleep, that my back forced me to feel that it might break. In the day they slept too, but my mind was too much diverted by the various occurrences and expectations excited by hope. Hope never forsook me but for an instant, as I felt a billow break over me, filling my eyes with water. As it receded hope revived. The rain poured all night, the wind increasing, and the darkness could almost be felt. Fortunately, we had no more thunder, and not a flash of lightning. We left the accustomed seat and sat in the water on the wreck, and back to back with Mauma. She was an African, and her voice was heard all night in prayer, or a low, monotonous tone, almost like chanting. Fearing she would exhaust herself, I ventured to remonstrate; but in vain. She knew no other way, and prayed on 'till day. The boys were nestled close to me, but I don't think they slept. There was a fierce gale blowing in the morning, and though we could see, the sky was black as ink, and the rain continuing in torrents. I never before or since saw such a rain storm.

It ceased to rain, and the billows began to rise, the sky still black. Mr. McRae said: "Mr. Woart, will you not pray

for us?" He replied: "I have not ceased to pray since I came upon this wreck!" There was a pause and I said: "Mr. Woart, will you not pray aloud, so that we can all join you?" He stood up, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, his form erect. He seemed no longer feeble. His full, round, musical voice commenced to pray for life—that God had implanted the love of life in all His creatures, and therefore it was not wrong to pray for its continuance—then for faith in Jesus, and perfect submission to the Divine Will, that all might be enabled to say: "Not my will, but Thine, be done." I never heard a more eloquent prayer—never expect to see so sublime a spectacle! I have often wished I could picture it to others as I recall it. An artist, who had spent years in Paris, described a picture in the Louvre to me that had impressed him as one of the finest. It was a shipwreck, and therefore a copy for exhibition would justify the labor, etc. The conversation about the picture was renewed on the wreck, and I wondered if it could be equal to that now daguerreotyped in my memory.

The wind and waves continued. The sail-cloth covering the deck at the ends was loose, and the action of the water rolled it up continually, so that where the planks were joined and uncovered several pieces were broken off. For security we congregated in the middle of the wreck, and sat down in a circle, near enough to cling to each other as the waves passed over us. Some feared the wreck would be broken up. I feared we might drown upon it. The large cable, stretched from end to end, held a detached piece of the wreck, six or eight feet square. As the waves would advance, the piece, held by the rope, would be driven by the force of the billows over the wreck, and as it receded, would jerk the cable violently. It came nearest to me, and each repetition brought it nearer. I feared it might come near enough to strike me. Each person seemed now only occupied with themselves. I borrowed a pen-knife, and the owner was near me. He did not seem to see me sawing the separate strands of the rope in two, nor, when the last strand was sawed, how quickly the receding wave bore it away. I handed him the knife, and he received it

unconsciously. Mr. Smith, becoming alarmed, ran to the little boat, and jumped in. Mr. Hutchinson had Corinne in his arms, and the cloak around them. Perceiving the panic, he ran too to the boat (one end of the cloak trailing) just as Mr. Smith jumped back. Mr. Hutchinson then, in turning to retrace his steps, slipped upon the end of his cloak and tripped. In trying to recover himself, his hold was loosened, and the wind tore the cloak and child from his grasp, and bore them to the billows. He returned to his place and bowed his head, a broken-hearted man. The child was nearly lifeless. I noticed, as he passed me, the neck could not sustain the head, and the whole form seemed limp.

Mr. Woart could not lift his wife from the settee; but, afraid to have her left lest they should be washed off, he took the head and shoulders, and trailed her feet in the water, and placed her near us. She was now dying. I remember the peaceful serenity of her face, and the intelligence of her eyes, as she turned them and looked at her husband and myself. The billows seemed to come from a great distance, gathering strength as they rolled onward. When they came near, we grabbed each other, and bowed our heads, as they passed over us. Mrs. Woart did not live long. The husband supported her head, and she expired without a groan or struggle. He, poor man, was now nearly exhausted, and as he dropped her head he clasped his hands across his knees, shutting his eyes, and said: "My poor dear wife!" As a tremendous billow came, we bowed our heads, and as we raised them, saw it carry away the living and the dead—the husband and the wife. His hand was raised, but he was on his side, and could not resist the force, and he uttered no word. The violence of the storm abated as night approached. The heavy billows ceased, leaving the sea in great commotion. As the waves would dash and break, flashes of phosphorescent light would run along to meet another wave, and the sea was brilliant with this strange light. Mr. McRae and his friend became restless, moving about and talking to each other, imagined themselves in Florida. Dr. Ely (as I called him, but really I do not think it to be his name,

as I do not find it in the list of passengers) sang the Doxology, "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow!" Then he proposed, seeing the light, to make a visit, and then walked overboard. They immediately returned, and we hoped the experience would prevent a recurrence, but they soon repeated the action and were not able to get back. Then five lives were gone from us to that life above, in a few hours. Mauma's voice in prayer alone broke the stillness of the night. The morning broke, cloudless and lovely—the waves now flowing peacefully—the wreck diminished—the people depressed and worse. Mr. Hutchinson, with his head down, seemingly indifferent to life itself. * * * Dr. Stewart now unable to sit up unsupported. Caroline sat so that he could lean on her shoulder most of the time. Why he did not move to the cover, where he might have laid down, I do not know. I have no recollection of seeing him move his seat, which was in the water during the whole time. He had lost his wife. It was she who was supporting Mrs. Woart at Charleston. Dr. Stewart was a handsome man, with dark hair and eyes, tall in stature, and with a benevolent expression.

Monday, as usual, saw sails at a distance, going from us. An object now engaged Mr. Smith's attention, and he called to us to notice it. It seemed only a point in the distance. He continued to watch it. It maintained the same distance or position from us. Therefore, he conceived the idea that it was a stationery ship, a light-ship, and he thought the distance could not exceed ten miles. The fact that the same relative distance was maintained ought to have convinced him, and us too, that it could not be a light-ship—that we were floating, it must be floating, too. But he did not see the point, nor did we at the time. Still we did not believe it to be a ship at all. Towards sundown he decided he would go and see what it was. Mr. Hutchinson begged him not to think of going, and so did I; but he got two pieces of plank from the lumber pile, nailed cross pieces, selected a piece of a paddle (?) tied into an iron stanchion, and launched his raft. He now entreated Mr. Hutchinson to untie or cut the string when he had got

on the raft, but he, instead, tried to dissuade him from the attempt. He was sure he could bring us assistance. Seeing we had no influence, I turned to his wife and said: "Why do you not entreat your husband not to go?" "Because it is no use, when he sets his mind on anything." He now talked so hopefully of his plan that Mr. Hutchinson loosed the raft, and I felt for the moment some sympathy in the project. When I spoke of the danger, he said: "I lived near the coast when a boy, and have made little rafts and paddled out in the water often." He used the paddle, first on one side and then on the other, till he was lost to sight. Poor fellow! He was never heard of afterwards!

This affair had diverted my attention from Thomas. He had been drowsy all day, and I once thought him asleep in my lap. As Charles and I sat again in the seat, now the only one, and without a back to support us, I was startled by a groan from Thomas. I called him. He did not reply. I leaned over, and pressed him too heavily. "You hurt me!" I looked at his hands, and the nails were blue. I was now alarmed. I chafed his hands, but the blood would not circulate. He was now unconscious. It did no good, and I was in despair. I knew he was dying, and my distress was great. He never spoke again. Charles was quietly seated by my side. He suddenly started to his feet, pointing to the water beyond us, crying out in great excitement: "See, Aunt Rebecca, Boatswain is drowning!" Boatswain was his dog, at home. He moved two or three steps, and fell. Mr. Hutchinson was sitting near us, and only Mrs. Smith between us. I called to him to pick Charles up, which he did, and seated him by me. This vision of his dog drowning was repeated, and each time I called for Mr. Hutchinson to pick him up, alarmed lest he should drown before he reached him. At last, Charles became totally unconscious, but retained his sitting position, perfectly quiet. Thomas, dear little boy, began to writhe in the death struggle. I managed to keep him on my knees, but now his feet would twist off my lap, and fall in the water. I would gather them up, replace them, and soon they were in the water again. I

cried and lamented, but neither of the boys heard me. Now and then a groan would escape him. That he was dying was now my sole thought. Charles was still, and I had no thought for him. It was the dying child now that occupied my attention. How many times I replaced him in my lap would seem incredible. Each time it became more difficult. At last his stiffened limbs were in the water, and I had no longer the power to lift them up to my lap. I was almost horrified. My distress was unspeakable. I still had my senses, and I was not concerned for myself, but for the dying boy. Again I called frantically for Mr. Hutchinson for assistance. He always came to my relief. I still could hold him when placed in my lap; but now I grew so weak that the weight in my arms became an intolerable burden. I felt a strong desire to throw it down. The next groan would recall my senses, my affection, my sympathy, my remorse for my heartlessness which I bewailed in lamentations.

Thus the greater part of the night passed. The last remembrance was my calling to Mr. Hutchinson, to see if he was dead. I never knew how he responded to my call, for with it I became unconscious, and remained so till dawn, when I awoke in delirium, imagining myself at Montgomery, where I spent a day with some friends, previous to my leaving Savannah. I was horrified at the dead bodies I discovered. None of them I recognized. Charles was forgotten. I turned to Mr. Hutchinson and Mrs. Smith, to know when the carriage would come to take us to Savannah. They answered: "Soon." I called them by the names of the friends who had taken me to Montgomery. For the first time I thought of my appearance. I saw my bare feet and night gown and torn dressing wrapper, and almost cried with shame, exclaiming: "How can I go to Savannah so? I am not dressed!" I tried to fold the calico skirt over my night gown, half crying because I could not accomplish the purpose, as several breadths were wanting, which had been torn off in squares to cover the heads of the children during the day—keeping them wet to prevent thirst, and to keep their heads cool. At night

they would be lost, and my gown supplied others, till it was reduced to one width. How it looked!—had never been thought of until I was delirious. I would bewail my condition, until turning, I would again see the dead bodies, be stricken with terror, and cry out for the carriage. This continued until, exhausted, I relapsed to unconsciousness, from which I was awakened by Mrs. Smith, shaking me by the arm, saying: "Look there!" Pointing to an object. I saw a vessel, her sails spread and filled, her hull painted black, and a dazzling sun shining on her canvas. I exclaimed: "Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!! Oh, how beautiful!!!" And relapsed into unconsciousness. To me she was only a thing of beauty. It was the schooner "Henry Cameron," from Philadelphia, Pa., bound to Wilmington, Captain Eli Davis commander. All the living were taken on board. I can recall nothing that transpired, save the beauty of the ship, till late in the afternoon. I found myself on a locker in the cabin, a table in the middle, at which a gentleman sat, looking at me. I recognized him immediately, although I had not seen him for years. I said: "Mr. Greenwood, where are we?" He came to me in surprise that I should recognize him. He told me we were now going to Wilmington. I said: "Why not to Charleston?" "Why do you wish to go to Charleston?" he said. "Because my brother said he would go there, and I would like to be with him." I then asked for Charles. "He is in the berth beside you." I looked and saw him, still unconscious; but I was satisfied to know he was near. I then asked for Thomas. He said he "did not know." I then became anxious. I said there was a smaller boy—"What has become of him?" and as if in vision I saw a little form lying at my feet in the water on the wreck. I knew he was dead and left. I then inquired for Mr. and Mrs. D. Mr. Hutchinson and Mrs. Smith put their heads from berths opposite, and I knew them in their own characters and by their proper names. I was no longer delirious, and Mr. Greenwood asked me if I did not wish some water, which I thought delicious, and asked for more. He did not like to refuse and, afraid to give more, he left the cabin.

Another gentleman came whom I did not know personally, but by character. He introduced himself—told me that Captain Pearson, the sailing master of the "Pulaski," twenty-three (23) persons in all, were on the deck of the bow—that the Captain noticed, as they drifted, as did Mr. Smith, something that maintained its relative position till they lost sight of it at night. He was so impressed with the notion that it was another portion of the wreck with people on it, that he communicated what he had seen to Captain Davis, and begged him to look for us. He complied with the request, but was unsuccessful in his search. Captain Pearson again entreated him to look, and, after tacking about, put on his course. The importunate Captain solicited him the third time, and was successful in finding us, to the great satisfaction of all, but especially of the kind-hearted old Captain Pearson. My informant said Captain Davis knelt on his deck, and rendered thanks to God for the lives of so many. When I was lifted on board by two men, their hands under my arms, my feet trailed along the deck without an effort to step—totally unconscious. My wet garments were taken off, woolen clothes put on me, and I was laid upon the locker, where I was lying.

I never knew at what hour in the day we were rescued; but I remember the sun shone on the sails, coloring them white as snow to my eyes—a beautiful picture that I now can recall to memory in all its beauty! Two little boats had been filled almost immediately after the explosion occurred. They put off to a distance, and waited till the steamer broke in pieces, and the machinery disappeared. Believing all was lost except themselves, they hurried to land, and reached the coast of North Carolina on Friday afternoon—one commanded by James Hamilton Cupper, the other by Hibbert, Mate of the "Pulaski." The report of the disaster reached Charleston and Wilmington on Saturday and Sunday.

The wreck of the "Pulaski" occasioned universal sorrow throughout the United States. Almost every section of the country was represented on that fatal boat, occa-

sioning greater distress than ever before or since—coming before the telegraph had inured us to occurrences so common as to lessen at least the sympathy of people generally. Nothing of the six men that left us in the boat had been heard from till Tuesday, when a messenger reached Wilmington, stating that six men had landed on the beach forty (40) miles above, on Saturday. They now wanted conveyances to bring them to Wilmington. This news spread immediately among the inhabitants, so that at the appearance of the "Henry Cameron" in the offing nearly the whole male population were assembled on the wharf to learn what tidings she brought from the sea. When so many sufferers were found aboard, the sympathies of the people were manifested in every possible way. Doors were thrown open to all, and universal kindness prevailed in the community. All wished to do something for us—even children desired to be of use to the sufferers. The vessel ceased to move, and we heard the tramp of many feet on deck. Two maids next appeared with band-boxes, in the cabin, with clothes for the ladies. Instantly I slid from the locker, without assistance, and stood on the floor unsupported, till my sailor suit was dropped, and the maid dressed me in those she brought. A cloak was thrown around me; Mrs. Smith was waited on at the same time, and the maids announced our readiness to be taken ashore. I asked where I was to be taken, and asked to have Charles taken to the same house. The gentlemen made a seat with their hands, and I sat thereon, and put my hands on their shoulders, and thus was conveyed to the carriage. Mrs. Smith came next, and the two gentlemen sat on the front seat, and I think they were physicians. But finding me standing and unsupported, and not knowing I had only an hour before awakened from delirium and stupor of many hours, I rode some distance unsupported, except by the back of the carriage. We drove very slowly, and it seemed to me a long way. At one moment I could see the houses and gardens we were passing; then it was for minutes as black as darkness could be, and then houses would appear. At last we reached the house, and I was taken and brought up a flight of

steps to the second story. But it seemed to me I was being carried up several flights—the steps, so numerous did they appear to my distorted fancy! It was now night; the room was bright with light. They laid me on a large bed. Never before had I experienced such a sensation. It was perfect rest and blissfulness. A number of ladies were present, and hovering around my bed. They seemed almost angelic. The room and all it contained seemed very elegant—and such kindness! It was like Heaven! Not a thought to mar the blissfulness of those moments. My eyes were nearly shut, as the lights were bright. Dr. DeRosset called to a lady to have some arrow-root prepared quickly. She said: “Cold, or hot?” Before he replied, I said “Cold, if you please.” The company was startled to hear me speak. After all, I was not far wrong in supposing it was like Heaven; for it was the most Christian house that I ever entered. The doctor was an old man, with silver hair, kind face, gentle voice and manner. His attention, after feeling my pulse, was directed to my feet. They had been bruised by floating pieces of plank on the wreck. In some places, the skin was broken, and irritated by the salt water. They were now swollen to an unusual size, and almost purple in color.

It may be surprising to some when I say I was almost wholly unconscious of the condition of my feet. Even when my feet were being dressed, I experienced no pain; for the blissful repose of the body and limbs left no room for another sensation. The arrow-root was brought—the first food I had tasted after leaving Charleston. I cannot recall tasting food at sea. At last I remembered to inquire for Charles, and was told he was in the next room, and was satisfied to know he was near. I was too far spent to feel anxiety. Afterwards I learned that the physicians watched him through the night, fearing he would die. He was better next morning, and on Thursday considered out of danger, but still in bed. That afternoon his father reached Wilmington. I will not attempt to describe our meeting. Afterwards I learned some particulars of his experience in the little boat

and making land. The six men who left us to procure assistance saw land that same afternoon. They made for the shore, the boat was upset in the breakers and each man had to swim for his life. My brother told me he would never have reached land had it not been for the buoyancy of the pillow tied around his waist. It was late when they reached the shore, where they remained, lying on the beach to rest for an hour. It was near an inlet, where there were small craft; but the captains said they could not go to sea unless wind and tide both suited. These both were adverse. His strength was so wasted that he had to go to bed; but he hired a man to ride express to Wilmington. About noon the man appeared before him. He was greatly shocked and inquired why he had betrayed his confidence. He said the captains advised him not to ride through the storm, endangering his life to no purpose; that the wreck had been destroyed by the storm; that nothing so frail could have lived in such weather. The captains acknowledged the advice they had given, and convinced my brother. He even mourned us as dead, and his grief was increased by regret that he had not shared our fate and died with us. He hired men to watch upon the beach to recover bodies, if floated ashore. He was sick in bed and with a painful cut upon his foot by broken glass upon the steamer deck. He had prayed for self and us; but now he feared his prayers had been an abomination to a holy God. Till the carriages came he had nothing to console him. He was assured of my safety and that of the two boys. He naturally concluded they were both his, and his spirits revived again to be again bereaved that Thomas had died upon the wreck. The other little boy besides Charles was the son of Major Twiggs, of Augusta, rescued from the piece of wreck first discovered—(Charles?) fortunately was considered out of danger, and out of bed, at the end of the week. He had had such devoted attention from physicians and nurses, and being naturally of a strong constitution, he quickly recovered.

Two brothers and a brother-in-law came to my brother in his calamity. They persuaded Charles, and

urged my brother, to let him go with them to Augusta. He gave a reluctant consent, and was miserable when Charles was gone. He feared some harm might befall him, now his only child. Bereaved of his wife and six children, and this anxiety added, seemed more than he could endure. With the most devoted attention from the doctor, his daughters, and their friends, I was unable to sit up in bed. The fever had gone, but I was myself a wreck. I prayed to go to Charleston, but he would not leave me. I then resolved to go, though importuned by the doctor and his family to remain longer. We went by steamer to Charleston, and found a compartment of a car fitted up with bedding and pillows for my accommodation. The doctor sent a kind old servant with me to Charleston, and I was there met by a private servant, sent by my brother George. She was the nurse of his children, known as Aunt Hannah, one of the most devoted and affectionate I ever knew. She was waiting on the wharf when the boat arrived and it had scarcely stopped before she was in the cabin, and had me in her arms, embracing me in the most affectionate manner, bewailing, at the same time, my condition. At the depot I was met by my brother with his carriage, similarly fitted up as the car at Charleston, and thus I reached my home at Augusta.

The captain's idea of the wreck was entirely wrong, as events proved. Her lightness was her safety. It was a frail thing to look at in a storm, but she offered no resistance to the waves; nothing to strike against, as the billows came, the wreck would rise gradually and surmount the swell of the sea. Then only half of the wave passed over us, and by clinging together that was resisted, showing that some times there is strength in weakness. On the portion of the wreck with Capt. Pearson, the sailing master, were twenty-three men, and a boy ten years old. A gentleman from Mobile was killed by the falling of a mast. They had no food, no water, and no means to catch the rain as it fell. Capt. Davis Dubois was never seen after the explosion. On our portion rescued the twenty-two (22) men and the little boy. Captain

of the wreck we had twenty-three (23) persons—three (3) children, six (6) women, and fourteen (14) men. During the rain, bottles were held under a corner of a little sail and quickly filled, and then passed from hand to hand until we were satisfied to nausea. To the drinking of salt water has been attributed delirium and the death of so many that perished. Four were lost overboard, four died on the wreck, one left on a raft and perished. Seven were rescued by Capt. Davis; six went ashore for assistance. The two boats that left the "Pulaski" and carried news of the disaster reached the shore, one with twelve, the other with five persons. One under the control of Mr. J. H. Couper, of Georgia, contained twelve persons, all of whom reached the shore in safety; the other in charge of Mr. Wills (should be Hibbert) contained eleven (11) persons, of whom five reached the shore, one, a scalded fireman, died in the boat and was thrown overboard before reaching the breakers, and five perished in the breakers. Judge Rochester, of New York, Mr. Baker, of Georgia, two negro women and another scalded fireman, Lieutenant Thornton, U. S. A., and another gentleman, together reached the shore on a small piece of wreck. So far as I have ascertained there were 131 passengers—54 saved in all; 77 lost.